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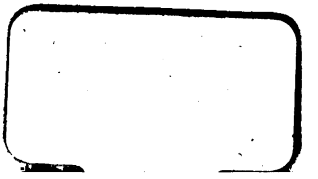

★PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY.
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ELIZA L. M. MULCAHY.

Wandewana's Prophecy

AND

FRAGMENTS IN VERSE

Eliza L. M. Mulcahy

S.S.P.

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Wandewana's Prophecy

...AND...

Fragments in Verse

REVISION AND ENLARGEMENT OF

WANDEWANA'S PROPHECY

...AND...

OTHER POEMS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

TO MY SONS

MAX AND FRANK

Dedication

To you, dear children, I present,
This silent work of years,
The monotone of simple joys
Unmingled not with tears;
Not for its mellow meters,
Nor for rhetoric art,
But only one poor merit
Outpouring of the heart.
And though this simple message,
No great success attain,
And serves but to bequeath to you
A mother without stain,
Yet, if in years, temptation come
Among those lines you see,
One word to soothe or strengthen you,
It will suffice for me.

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FRAGMENTS IN VERSE

Coming Home.

Two anxious little boys at eve
    Intently watch adown the street,
    And madly rush papa to meet,
When he his work does leave.

Papa forgets his tired state
    At sight of either joyous face,
    And boyish joins them in a race
To reach the garden gate.

And as I watch them from the door
    Methinks, Ah, thus may Angels come
    With joy to waft our spirits home
When earthly toil is o'er.

One Hundred.

"Mamma, Mammam," he softly said,
    And I turned attentive eye,
On the happy face and beaming glance
    Of my little one standing by.

"I stood a hundred today, dear,
    If the lesson did learn so slow;
But I just stayed in at recess, dear,
    When the teacher said I might go."

"Twas kindo' hard to listen
To the others out at play,
But I said I'd stand a hundred,
And I did it, you see today."

"Look here now, little mama,
'Tis down in black and white,
For Teacher marked it perfect
To show to you to-night"

I clasp my darling to me,
And kissed the sun-tanned cheek,
And thought you've taught a lesson
With your prattle so mild and meek.

That we all are only children
In school, at times, is plain,
And must leave to others pleasure,
While we grasp for ourselves the pain.

And o'er this hard-learned lesson
We struggle with all our might
That we may stand "one hundred"
In our heavenly home at night.

Why Fear To Age?

Oh! why should we fear as the days advance,
Oh, why should we fear to age,
And reluctantly turn the leaves of life
To glance at another page?

Though the babes we've fondled on breast and crib,
Be grown to man's estate,
With flashing eye and brawny arm,
Ambition strong and great?

Is the kiss of the manly boy less dear,
Because of the fuzzy lip,
Or his strengthening arm's caress less warm,
Than the baby's finger-tips ?

And the hands we've clasped when last we met,
In fervor with both our own,
When we meet again, what matter it then,
If both have older grown ?

In the diurnal round if no stain be found,
On aught of the leaves we've pressed,
Though blotted by tears through the varying years
If in all we have done our best.

If we trust to Him who dictates each page,
Why fear for the diary given,
For the preface started in Babyland,
Will have finis writ in Heaven.

Voyagers.

Each home is a vessel on life's rough tide,
Just one of the great flotilla's pride.

And manned by captain, crew, and mate,
With God as pilot protectorate.

Then why do we worry, or fume, and fret,
But let each day's task the next beget.

We know not the means, nor how, nor where,
We cross the bar to the unknown There.

We only know that each moment given,
Is but brief respite from that unknown haven.

The way may be long ere anchor's cast,
Or the next faint breath may be our last.

Our august Pilot has placed no sign
Where nature's craft sees realms divine.

We only know He points the way,
Who follows never can go astray.

Though rough the way, and storms assail,
The hand at the helm must never fail.

Though rocks loom up where the way seemed clear,
The Pilot still points the way to steer.

Though billows roll o'er the narrow way,
'Tis He whom the ocean waves obey.

Then work with heart, and hand, and brain,
That each its separate place maintain.

Together forward, as hand in hand,
That none be lost or contrabrand.

Now.

Live in the present, so when backward cast
Each day succeeding shameth not the last
For every present maketh all the past.

Be firm today nor suffer any lost
Of virtue gained, beneath whatever cross
For all the past is but today that was.

And all the present will be yesterdays
When all that now is, will have past away
Though passing fleetly will have passed for aye.

Then build today e'en though it cause you pain,
The passing moment,—strength will come again,
Who buildeth firmly; builds what shall remain.

The Water Féte on Lake Mendota.

(U. W. JUBILEE.)

What! have the waves turned liquid flame
Along Mendota's bed
Emitting streams of liquid light
And shades of burning red
As amber flame and purple hue
From out its surf is shed?

Or has some fairy princess ta'en
Possession for the hour,
And stole the constellations all
To deck her festive bower,
Then chaff the sky that she outshines
Its scintillating power?

It is the Alma Mater
Who hold high carnival,
Her joyous transformation
Of fifty years in all
Since she on erudition's page
Her first-born did install.

Commingling with the din of launch
And steamer, rower's oar,
Comes music's milder influence
Low softly swelling o'er
To blend with rippling laughter heard
Along the lamp-lit shore.

Now hearken to the college call
Resounding through the years,
As each succeeding class arrives
And each the new-born cheers,
Then all in Alma Mater's own
Which each to each endears.

Mark how the flaming streamers whiz
High over dome and spire,
To flash a meteoric blaze,
The rainbow tints acquire,
Then mingle with the evening mists
In beauteous balls of fire.

How like the wondrous mind of man
Which pierces space and time
To grapple with some hidden truth
Infinite as sublime,
To leave to future projeny
In ev'ry age and clime.

Oh! grand free Alma Maters,
Thou gracious gift of God,
How oft along thy corridors
Has youth unconscious trod
To facile mysteries which raise
From serf to demi-god!

Bright youths whose dormant intellect,
Your living torches fired,
To deed of glory, burning thought
Which future age inspired,
Now blazoned on yon human scroll,
Free, honored, strong, admired.

Night on Lake Monona.

The zephyrs o'er Monona play,
A softly rippling maze,
The summer eve has passed away,
And passed its sultry haze.
The dew descending o'er the heath,
Has bathed each bending blade
The all-perspiring brow of night
Is cooled and cleanly made.
Now quenched the last faint gleam that sent,
From yonder shore its shaft,
And ceased each soft'ning melody
The evening breezes quaft.

Oh! restless dreamer on the pier,
What led you forth alone,
To woo the muse of poesy
From off her mystic throne?
Has genius disillusioned still,
Impelled you to the scene
To drape in rhyme yon scintillant dome,
Or rim of rugose sheen,
The lake its mirrored counterpart?
Ah! then no runes design,
For human pen can ne'er essay
To picture the divine.

But no! a restless nature's voice,
Has called him forth, I wean,
He begged of nature cast her chorus
Him and himself between,
And as he sits and idly views,
Her beauties still in gloom,

Fair Luna, peeping out the surf,
The rident waves relume;
Then ever brightening on she climbs,
And glances through the wold.
Nor knows the view is beauteous through,
Her beauties which unfold.

Nor pauses yet, but rolling on,
Her incandescent flight
Toward the zenith—reached at last,
Emblazons all the night.
Her darting beams, like myriad pens,
Like pens in lightning dipped,
Each broken spar and rocky bank
And rugged pier has tipped,
Then soothed as by a wizard spell
Peace o'er the dreamer stole,
Like the light of life eternal
On a world-wearied soul.

Commune Bonum.

Once more the ballot sentry cries
"For Temperance" all
Obey the call
Prevent drink's human sacrifice.

The friends of liquor traffic bring
Their poisoned casque
With smiling mask
To tempt the taste, in youth's fair spring,

But ere its evil mission done
Wage still the fight
With holy might
E'en if the effort save but one.

Press on, still working for the right
Nor ever fear
The weak compeer
Who vacillating thee affright.

Hide not one pure God-given thought,
Nor ever quail
Though throngs assail
That strength within thee wrought.

Fear not though calumny may leer.
With slanderous tongue,
When all is done,
The truth will still appear.

Courage! the battle of the few
May yet succeed
"Gainst wrong and greed.
Unto the best be true.

Press on! ye forces of the just
Who e'er remained
Through all unstained
Faithful to God's sacred trust.

We Are Ourselves.

I have my faults as you have yours,
And each and every one;
There never yet lived paragon
Could say that he had none.

Then why consult an oracle
To cure us of ourselves;
That inner super-human you
And me, which mutely delves.

So all unconsciously away
Against all outer strife;
Though we may thwart its busy hand
Each day and hour of life.

It still keeps delving, delving on
Nor human power can stay;
For He who wrought it e'er we knew,
Did His own will obey.

And though He gave us strength to shield
Whate'er He chose at times,
He ne'er has deigned e'en o'er ourselves
To give His power sublime.

So you are you and I am I
An abstract spirit each,
A something indefinable
Which paltry self can't reach.

Then let us bear our little faults,
And each with each forbear;
Since I must still be what I am,
And you your own co-heir.

Though parry with our human steel
That self how e'er we will,
There's something far beyond its reach
Which thwarts all human skill.

And darts and glances and propels
Us on, and will appeal
You to the compromising throng
I narrow, righteous weal.

You who can reach the many may
Do far more good than I;
But if I do my little mite
It must be still as I.

Then each to better self be true,
And He who made us all,
Will perfect in us what He see
Will do His work withal.

The Crucifixion.

"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"
Oh! wild, the rabble cries,
The man of sorrow stands alone,
With meek and downcast eyes.

"What evil," sayeth Pilate,
"What evil hath He done?
But still, O! crucify Him,"
Commanded every one.

And weakly Pilate answereth:
"I wash my hands of stain,
But you may crucify Him,
His blood on you remain."

But one, the wife of Pilate,
The heavenly features scan,—
Thus pleaded: "Take not, Pilate,
The life of that just man."

But jeering, on they goaded Him
To sacrifice, that Son,
Who in submission meekly prayed,
"Father, Thy will be done."

Oh! Pilate, would that water
Could wash away that stain,
Which panders to the multitude
For earthly praise or gain.

Speak not of manly valor,
Nor woman's weakness mourn,
One humble, praying woman there,
Had braved the rabble's scorn.

Infinity.

I saw a meteor through the sky
Dart into space, nor could descry
Its source; nor whence, not where it sped,
A spark, a stream of light—'twas fled.

How like a human life, it seemed
Spark of the soul, forced on, careened
In mid eternity to shine
One moment, in the next decline.

Each one that passing moment may
Do much, but instinct will obey
What e'er he do, what e'er his skill,
'Twill bow before Infinite will.

Though all may argue, none can know
Whence came that spark, nor where 'twill go.
Infinite souls did ne'er essay
To turn, that secret to betray.

Infinity alone explains
By each sesame it sustains,
Reincarnation from the sod
By one, supreme infinite God.

So may our souls, like yon pure star,
Unsullied still, glide on afar
O'er Earth's dim labyrinthian line
Still trusting in His love divine.

The Calumniator.

He slides below the level
Of all that's true and grand,
And pure in human nature
Would scatter o'er the land
His virulent, base slaver
Of calumny unbanned.

Tis he would taint the sacred bond
Within the home divine;
Would tear God-given mother love
Away from childhood's shrine
And break the seal which God has set
On married life's combine.

The sacred dead he never knew
And white angelic age,
E'en innocence of infancy
Is not exempt the rage.
His lawless driveling, poisoned tongue
His only heritage.

His evil mind sees naught that's good
In sainted maid or youth,
He judges all as base as he—
Would sully all in sooth,
This vile degenerate of earth,
With sacked and pointed tooth.

He would ingratiate himself
With those he e'en would sting,
He mumbles what he fears to speak;
This pestilential thing
Which squirms before the light of truth
As time it's records bring.

Arbor Day At Madison.

Written by request of St. Raphael's Parochial School, 1899.

Now haste to the woodland, God's beautiful garden,
And cull from its vastness rich treasures so rare,
To plant round the shrine of St. Raphael's homage;
Then watch them with pleasure and tend them with care.

But what shall we choose from this bounteous hoarding,
Our arbor to shelter in sunshine and cold?
Shall we choose the proud oak, which takes years for its growing?
Then lordly it towers so forceful and bold.

Ah, no, for the oak, though it tower in grandeur,
Out reaching its arms so brawny, acute
If transplanted will fall with the force of the storm;
'Tis strong in the body, but weak at the root.

Then here is the poplar whose growth is so rapid,
Its wood fine and white and its soft polished leaves,
Which dance in the sunshine and glisten in gladness
It bends to the blizzard and lisps to the breeze.

Ah, yes, but the poplar appearing so perfect
In form and feature to untutored eyes,
Like pleasures we grasp at in random and folly,
Too rapidly grows and too suddenly dies.

But show me the elm, which sends forth its branches,
While into earth's bosom its roots well descend;
It grows in the valley beside the pure brooklet,
The violet and lily its fame will defend.

It shelters their heads from the heat of the summer,
And covers them o'er with its leaves from the cold;
It stands not in pride, but in dignity ever;
'Tis cautious in storm and never too bold.

And bring me the maple so peaceful and shady,
Which grows so symmetrical, rapid and straight;
Its pink dress in spring time turns cool green in summer;
In autumn it gorgeously dresses for state.

And where is the pine with its evergreen branches,
Which grows on the hillside and rude rocky steep?
Environs have taught it of nature's grand lesson
To bend to the storm and in sympathy weep.

Ah, then, there's another, the evergreen cedar
That sheltered our Lady on Lebanon's crest;
For strength and endurance and long-living beauty
Mount Lebanon's cedar out-rivals the rest.

Autograph Lines.

Oh, were my pen a mystic wan
What e'er it writ were given
I'd wish thee friends health, wealth and love,
On earth and bliss in Heaven.

Beauty fades when youth is past
Friendship, only friendship lasts.

Friendliness.

Accept, dear friend this humble line
Which friendship's hand has penned,
'Twill show there's none can ever be
More friendly than a friend.

With few fond friends to cherish here
Oh may we be endowed
And cull and grasp them e'er they pass
Distinguished from the crowd.

Christmastide.

The gladsome time approaches now
When ev'ry tongue and pen
Hozannas sing, the new-born king
And peace on earth to men.

To you, dear friend, whose mem'ry e'er
Unsullied still remains
Be all the joys of Christmastide
Exempt from all its pains.

Oh, on the eve of holy mirth
With fam'ly gathered 'round the hearth
In childish prattle, childish glee
I would not that one thought of me
Would cast a shadow there.

But if one thought of friendship true
Of love as pure as mine for you
    Could cast one gleam across the way
    Or, light the path o'er which you stray
In spirit I'd be there, I'd wish the thought to share,
    Or if one thought gave added zest
    Of mirth, or gladness, with the rest
Then I'd be there Oh! I'd be there.

June.

I break away
From the clouds of May
    And I bow to the year's high noon;
Here's a rose for love
Wherever you rove
    Just sprung from the heart of June.

The buds make room
For the fruits fresh bloom
    There are birdling lutes in tune,
And I cooly stray
Nor haste away,
    Melodious, fragrant June.

The silent rain
Has waked a train
    Of insect life to croon,
Who bid me sleep
While they vigil keep
    Oh, slumberous, listless June.

But on I move
Nor crowd, nor shove
    Nor care to pass too soon,
But here's good cheer
And the best of the year,
    This banqueting, bountiful June.

A Thanksgiving Revery.

Oh, bare are the trees by the wayside,
And there in the park and the lawn—
No more in their great brawny branches
Are whistling the wild feathered throng.

The autumn is muffled for winter,
Reluctantly, though taking flight;
And cold, the short day slowly dwindles,
Half hiding itself in the night.

The breezes that sweep through the city,
Have blustered o'er stubble and fen
And stole through each crevice and cranny,
To peep at the grain in the bin.

And rushing along in its glory,
Through trestle, past spires and domes,
Are whispering, whispering ever,
Of friendships, dear friendships and homes.

Then away, far away in the gloaming,
The breezes now whisper to me,
Are homes where are bright happy mothers,
And fathers with babes on their knees.

And others where budding young manhood,
And boyhood, secure from storm
Of the world, by hearts never weary,
Are sheltered with love ever warm.

And others, where all intermingle,
From boyhood and girlhood to age,
With those who are nearing the climax,
And those who have turned the last page.

But others—Ah! sadly they tell it,
Where sorrow or want, aye, or sin—
But hearken—they've seen the good angel,
Of kindness and love enter in.

Bring sympathy's balm for the sorrow,
Appease both the hunger and cold,
Would sweetly admonish the sinner,
And welcome him back to the fold.

Then all tell of friendships fraternal,
Those breezes where'er they have sped,
And all tell the grandeur of union,
And whisper that all will be fed.

Now each one will offer a thanksgiving,
And all be united as one,
But hearken—the breezes are singing,
"The will of the Father be done!"

What Is Love?

Oh! what is love? I asked a youth,
By keen desire swayed,
As smarting 'neath its taunting lash
A siren had betrayed.

Oh! what is love? he hoarsely said,
I can not, dare not tell;
But for her love (I know not why),
I'd pass the gates of hell.

I turned away unsatisfied,
For who would dare to brook,
That passions unimpeded pose,
And passions burning look.

Oh! what is love? I asked the man
Of middle age and mild,
He turned and looked so tenderly,
On the mother of his child.
And then, "Oh! sir, it is to know
And care for ev'ry day
The faithful queen of all my heart
And be with her for aye.

Oh! what is love? I asked the sage,
As o'er his cane he bent,
And tottering feebly on his way,
His arm he kindly lent
To the frail partner of his years—
What then is love? To me—
Why here 'tis shown, when all are gone
Love's own is still with me.

Oh! what is love? I asked the saint,
That word so much abused.
A line sank in each pallid cheek,
As silently he mused.
"Oh! what is love," he deeply said,
And smothered back a sigh,
A holy flame lit up his face
And kindled in his eye.

A feeling born of high respect
And strengthened e'er by sorrow,
A flame adversity ne'er quenched
Nor prejudice made narrow;
A sweet, exquisite, painful joy,
A permeating dart,
Which thrilled and held each thought and hope
In one pure woman's heart.

And did I worlds and worlds retain,
I'd cast them all aside;
Fame, fortune, honors—kindred—all,
To make that one my bride.
And yet, and yet, I'd bear the rod
Of separation's pain.
"And barter even love itself,
To shield her from a stain,
And take my lonely distant way
Until we meet above,
United for eternity—
Oh! surely this is love!"

Aftermath.

When the days begin to hasten
And some years have flown away
And among the thining tresses
Come the first few threads of gray;
As we stand on life's meridian,
When we know that morn is past,-
With our shadow straight before us,
Just one backward glance we cast
E'er the scene must fade for ever
Though we fain would have it last.
Though we see in retrospective
Deeds we may not call sublime,
Views that boast no feats of valor,
Faults unconquered still, by time,-
Yet the background of the picture
Still presents unto our view
Actions kind and pure and gentle
Which to ourselves were true,
Though to many seemed but weakness-
Righteous to the chosen few.

Though some tender cord was severed
When we struggled to be strong
And have borne at times in sadness
Blame unjustly, utter wrong,
If we then could say, "Forgive them,
For they know not what they do."
Plod along alone in silence
Yet continue firm and true,
If the picture still present us
All of this and nothing worse,
We may still regret morn's passing
But we'll suffer no remorse.

To A Dried Rose.

(A PERPETUAL.)

Go, beauteous rose, which through the years
Though pressed and dried, thy tints still keep,
Go forth to him who yet may yearn
For love which e'er must feign to sleep.
But yet, if sorrow's pain be dulled,
Oh, breathe not thou the sender's name
Nor whisper all she dare not tell
Of love's undying ceaseless flame.

But still, let her whose tender heart
We both were taught to love, revere,
(The image of the Virgin) bear
Thee company, with hope and cheer
To teach our stubborn hearts incline
To hers, pure, loving, divine.

An Acrostic—City Life.

Centuries pass and still the muses
In their rhymes must e'er confuse us;
Tribachs sing at the rustic's shrine,
Yet metropolis is mine.

Leave their lays awhile and see
In their glaring majesty
Fortune, fame and life combined
Erudition for the mind.

Innocence and joyous mirth
Sit congenial on the hearth.

Good and bad are always rife;
Oust the latter in your strife
O'er this human sea decide;
Dare for right whate'er betide.

Friendship.

Only the glance of a bright eye,
    The tender clasp of hand,—
Though weary years may come and go
    The mem'ry will withstand.

The kindly word of sympathy
    To one few such has known
Will live within a lonely heart
    When great events have flown.

That golden chain which Friendship wrought,
    When days were all too fair,
Will bind us in fraternal love
    Through sorrow, strife and care.

A Fragment.

E'en after all, if I should be deceived,
Where I have trusted so implicitly,
What then? The over-soul would shed o'er life
A healing balm of calm serenity
And resignation to that Higher Mind,
Nor bear within the spirit one must have
Who knowing, wrought on my duplicity.
So would I rather be the one deceived,
Though trusting ever to a trust that failed,
Than that one faithful heart should feel regret
Or pang, from my distrust or infelicity.

The Man of all Men.

Oh, give me the man who can stand on his feet;
The man, who will work for the morsel he eats,
The man, whom adversity never has bowed
He may scoff at the magnate as well the crowd.

With a mind that can grasp and a will to endure,
A heart that encircles the rich and the poor;
Who curries no favors, but knows his own worth,
And is held by no bonds that will cleave to the earth.

He's needed in Senate, he's needed in hall
And there in the work-shop, the most of them all,
The manor has need of him, so has the shed
The one he can master, the other bring bread.

He has soared to the stars and has distanced the sun.
The lightning has gathered—what has he not done?
And is he no more? yes he's heard of each day,
Where duty demands it, he's still in the fray.

And will ever be heard of, as worlds onward glide,
Neither marked by the menial, nor puffed up with pride
And what shall he not do as centuries roll
With his coolness of pace, and the strength of his soul.

When sired by centuries whose gifts interlope
And mothered by future so pregnant of hope,
With dominion to do, and to dare, and unite;
With discrimination, ambition, insight.
We see peaceful nations, all under the sun
And Heaven and earth intermingled in one.

So here's to the man that can stand on his feet
And is willing to work for the morsel he eats,
The man, whom adversity never has bowed
He may scoff at the magnate as well the crowd.

Just be Yourself to Me.

Give to your wife your sweetest smiles
Your babes your kisses free,
Be condescending to the crowd
But be yourself to me.

Be loftily in the council hall:
When compeers there you meet
Be gently kind at home but be
Yourself when me you greet.

Whatever be the cares you feel
Oh, cast them not aside;
But be yourself and then I know,
You found me true and tried.

Cast not the shadow from your brow
Nor force the latent smile
To hide the thorn behind the rose
It would not me beguile.

There's not one move or look of thine
My heart does not detect,
Though it be veiled with sunny smiles
If shadow there deflect.

But ah! when you the nonce cast off
The world's mask, I see
The spirit, and the same dear face
Is still yourself to me.

Memories.

("Thoughts come as pure as light.")

The wind is hushed and the snow flakes
Are falling far and fast
With a soft and soothing cadence
Like memories of the past
Which come into the spirit
And hide for a time the real,
Or like fancies fly
Through a leaden sky
To bask in a bright ideal.

Thus dreams of the past come o'er me
Like blessings born above
And beam with a snowy brilliance
Of a pure unconscious love
Which gilded my life, so dreary,
With a joy it could not name,
And each fiber filled
Of the being it thrilled,
Yet knew not whence it came.

Though covering all unsullied,
A lily white garment it lays
(In folds of fabulous rapture)
A sweet sympathetic haze;
Which melts away like the snow-drift
And leaves bare the future years;
So on life's wide stream,
This dream of a dream
Is swept away in tears.

* * * * * * * *

Those tears on life's turbulent river,
Like pearls imbedded in sands,
Have sadly sunk to the bottom
To be gathered by angel hands,
Then into a diadem woven
And wrought in purest worth,
In Heaven is crowned
With joy profound
What fate forbade on earth.

A Battle of Hearts.

We met one time when each supposed
The other far away,
Our voices mingling with the rest
Our presence there betray;
My heart first weakened then proceeds
To face with frosty skill,
Your heart's fierce icy fusillade
Against its fortressed will.

I saw you move in dignity
And warmth among your friends,
Your heart prepare to mine bombard—
No strength of will unbends.
At last we meet with formal smile
And each a visor on
Of commonplace inquiry—
The heart's first onset done.

Then conversation, we avoid
A glance, nor deign a sigh,
Until you murmur you must go
(Your soul leaps to your eye.)
I take your poor, cold hand in mine,
And my soul bids you stay,
Then vanquished heart to heart succumbs;
But neither won the day.

My King.

(IDEAL MANHOOD.)

Crown him with a halo bright
Wrought of honor, truth and right,
Gemmed from sparkling eyes that find
A reflector in the mind.

His heart so firm and strong
That will war with every wrong;
Every passion to subdue,
Loving though, and kind and true.

Waves the scepter in his hand,
Like a true Promethian wand;
His to elevate mankind
Rather than their nature bind.

And his kingdom broad and free,
Where soe'er he chance to be,
And where there is wrong to right
Rolls his voice of thundrous might.

Uses Of Adversity.

Why should we despond when adversity comes
With its fierce iron hand to defy us,
And stands in our way when some object we seek?
'Tis only, 'tis only to try us.

It has thwarted one effort to make us more strong;
In the next it will raise the cold metal,
And we pass all unscathed as the flow'ret that bends
To the breeze which but opens its petal.

Then we see the gold heart which was hid underneath;
But this monster with which we contend
Will aid us to cull from the many we meet
The one we may truly call friend.

Not he who is fawning when triumph is ours,
But he who, when sorrow draws near,
With smiles for the future may bid us rejoice,
Or in sympathy weep tear for tear.

Every obstacle passed, a new beacon will cast
O'er the future in which we must plod
To ennoble and elevate all who persist,
And with patience "Pass under the rod."

My Chrysanthemum.

Gentle Chrysanthemum, all aglow
In the window seat content to grow,
With your pure white waist o'er your heart of gold
What tale of summer can you unfold?

You tell a tale of hope and trust,
And love, and faith, so pure and just,
And patient persistence, through sun and rain
And vanished pleasures that yet, remain.

I placed you out with the summer flowers
Where roses blossom and sunflower towers
So high above you could scarcely see
But you said to yourself "I'm content to be."

And the hollyhock bowed in her soft pink dress
To the courtly ash in his lordliness,
And old dahlia drooped as the breeze went by,
So you saw them blossom and wither and die.

Then I took you in when the days grew chill
And gave you water, to drink your fill
And placed you there in the warmth and light
To smile by day and to rest by night.

Then you shook the dust off your skirt of green,
And it shone with a luster of brilliant sheen,
And your pure white waist, you arranged above
To display a golden heart of love.

To a Rose.

Good morn my rose, in sweet repose,
    At the top of the trellis high;
From your lofty place,
In princely grace
    You smile as the breeze goes by.

The evening dew had filled for you
    A cup of nectar sweet,
And you took the draught
Which angels quaft
    From the Heavenly host's elite.

The stars did smile on you the while
As your petals you dare unfold
To the morning light
In truth bedight
Your shining heart of gold.

But they fade away as hastening day
With its warmth and sunny cheer
Has wiped the dew
From your cheek so true
Like faith affections tear.

A Gentian.

I roamed through the forest when Autumn winds chilled me,
The leaves fluttered down to the earth cold and bare,
Not a flow'ret could find, where in spring time I wandered
Their ravishing fragrance met me ev'ry where.

Then I thought how like hope is this changing of seasons;
Ere we grasp at the springtime comes summer anon
And autumn's short days; then comes withering winter,
And the blossoms we planted in springtime are gone.

My fancy thus flitted in dreary indulgence
Of hope e'er deferred, till my eye chanced to see
By the side of a fallen old tree by the brooklet,
A gentian's blue fringe; it had bloomed there for me.

It stood in its strength, and its fine fringed petals
  Waved back a defiance at frost and cold,
As it dipped to the clear purling brook its proud
    features,
  Which mirrored its beauty in lineaments bold.

Then I thought why despond when our Heavenly
    Father
  Reserves for our autumn such treasures as thus,
For to hope to the last in His wisdom He teaches;
  With Earth's trials o'er comes eternity's bliss.

Frost.

At early morn I rose, and lo,
From out the casement saw below
The landscape dressed in robe of gray,
Night's chill white hand, e'en while she slept,
Had slowly o'er her features crept
And clothed her while she dreaming lay,
As if in pity that his power
Had robbed her of each plant and flower.

And in the dull gray dawn the pall
Of frost, lay coldly over all
The beauties of a summer dead,
As those whose lives so smoothly flow
Are crushed beneath some hidden woe
Which overwhelms, and hope seems fled;
Thus melancholy earth appears
In silent grief, too deep for tears.

Woman's Mask.

You call her distant, cruel, heartless, cold,
And were she otherwise, a woman bold,
To lay the quivering, pulsate heart-strings bare
To view, 'twould be but wilely woman's snare
Your strength to test—receive your with'ring
    scorn—
A wanton's portion o'er which to mourn.

But hiding all, behind a marble mask,
Must 'wait your pleasure, who alone may ask,
Or sue, or seek—behind that sheltering pride,
Her only safe-guard for the pearl inside.
You ask her do what you, yourself would blame
What's weakness in her, would to you be fame.

Why blame the use of her, one—only shield?
While with your freedom, all the rest may wield
Her's modest purity—silent—sublime;
What in you were gallant, would in her be crime
You hold the mastery, o'er her world,
Her banner only, honor, pride unfurled.

This vanquished once, then all is vanquished,
While nobly shielded—ah, the portion small,
She prizes higher, than all wealth and fame—
Her simple virtue and her own good name
Hold you enthralled, by this and this alone,
For though you censure her, you still will own
Were see aught else, 'twere but passing charms
Of heated passion, which true love disarms
But being thus, she's all in all to you,
A friend, companion, yet a woman true.

Insomnia.

Away, away thou phantom dreams!
Thou bringst my brain absorbing pain
Of bliss that only seems.

And send, oh send oblivious sleep
To soothe each sense of wild suspense
If waking be to weep.

Sleep with thy cool mesmeric wand,
  Come close my lid though thought forbid,
Nor break thy magic bond.

Until beyond its vexing scope;
  Come kindly bear my ev'ry care
Beyond life's horoscope.

Come, sealer of all hopes and fears,
  Thou airy wight, nor take thy flight
Till mystic morn appears.

Come, blow thy aromatic breath
  And I'll inhale the scented gale,
Thou beauteous twin of death.

Then, when within thine arms I lie,
  Oh cool this brow, teach it to bow
Its will to the Most High.

Patience.

Come and sit with me awhile
By the wayside on the stile,
  And with cool and pensive eye
  We will watch the world go by,—
  This old weary world go by,
                You and I.

With its snorting, puffs and smoke,
And its grime of coal and coke,
  With its train of human freight,
  It must go; it can not wait,—
  No, it must not, can not wait,
                'Twill be late.

All the stations must be made,—
How it labors up that grade,
  Moneyville is the next stop;
  You can tell it, there's the cop;
  He is coming from the hop,
    Wary cop.

What a rustle, what a rush,
Stand aside, avoid the crush,
  Here are bonnets and silk hats,
  Ermine robes and velvet mats;
  Yes, the real velvet mats,
    For the cats.

Bombast is the next in line;
You can plainly see the sign:
  "All who enter in the best
  Must be sure to show their crest,—
  Show their ancient lineal crest,"
    By request.

Now it gradually comes down,—
It must wait at Middletown,
  Here are workers for the State,
  Politicians small and great,
  Who control its mighty gait,
    It must wait.

Here are workers of all grades,
In the sciences and the trades;
  One who tries to rise alone
  Only makes a stepping-stone;
  He is but a stepping-stone,
    If alone.

With his morals few compare,—
Genius, culture, all are rare;
  But he's worsted in the race,
  And the recreant takes his place,
  For the masses give him space,
                In that case.

Thus it seems the live-long day
Wrong is foremost in the fray,
  Merit never gains its meed,
  Truth is crushed, the false succeed,
                Yes, indeed.

Downward still,—the grade is steep,
Set the brakes, or it may leap,
  Catch a glimpse of Drearylane,
  With its sorrow, sickness, pain,
  With its poverty and pain,
                All in vain:

Now is changed its rate of speed,
And it must not, can not heed
  Villages of this low class,
  Towns where only poor amass;
  It is scheduled and alas
                It must pass.

Ah, well now its made its round,
And has covered all the ground,
  And is back beside our style,
  Go aboard is it worth while?
  Is it really worth our while?
                Wait awhile.

Turn the table, face the line,
Place the headlight, let it shine.
  Look—the one was thought to drop
  Is now nearly at the top—
  Toiling bravely toward the top.
                Will it stop ?

No, it still must move along,
God will right each cruel wrong ;
  He still moves the hand of fate,
  Time assures if we but wait,
  If we will with patience wait.
                Let us wait.

Spring.

Old Winter's gone and youthful Spring
  In all her gentle grace,
Comes forth to greet the dull, cold earth
  From out her hiding place.

With fragrant breath she scents the air,
  And with her fairy wand
She breaks the fetters of the brook
  Which cruel Winter bound.

With zephyr hand she sows the seed
  And bids it have no fears ;
She'll warm it with her sunny smiles
  And water it with tears.

The birds come forward at her call,
  And with their joyous voice
Attuned in praise of gentle Spring,
  They make the world rejoice.

Only a Private.

"I'm coming home,
Dear mother," he wrote,
    "For we're mustered out, you see,
And it won't be long
When you clasp this note,
    Till, mother, you may clasp me."

The widowed mother
Kissed the words
    Ere she laid the sheet away,
For the regiment,
As she had heard,
    Was expected home that day.

Then to her vision
Comes so fair,
    A face with laughing eyes,
And a manly brow,
With curling hair,
    Though a boyish form she spies.

But the grief is gone
Which rent her heart,
    When he proudly marched, and brave
As his father did,
And they needs must part,
    When he won a soldiers grave.

At last she hears
The whistle sound,
    And the engine onward tears;
Like a living thing
It panting bounds
    Proud of the train it bears.

All flag bedecked
It rushes in,
    All trembling with delight;
'Midst cheers and songs
And a noisy din
    The soldier boys alight.

And each one meets
Some dear loved friend
    In a clinging long embrace—
But the widow's son—
Ah, where is he?
    She scans each joyous face.

The last has passed,
She sees him not.
    Ah, where—ah, where is he?
Mayhap at home—
With nerves o'er wrought
    She might have failed to see.

So hopefully
She turns away
    To reach her cottage door
But sees him not—
He has hid in play;
    She calls him o'er and o'er.

No answer comes
Save the solemn sound
    Of her echo, as here and there
She quickly glides
With a searching glance,
    To find him everywhere.

Foreboding fear
Replaces joy,
    And she slowly leaves the cot
To search once more
For her darling boy,
    The captain now she sought.

"Your boy? Let's see,"
He pondered long
    As o'er the list he looked.
"Ah yes, a private,
Well and strong,
    From Cuba he is booked.

"I find he reached
In safety, Key West,
    But ill, quite ill, I learn.
In a day or two
I'll make request;—
    Your boy will soon return.

"Or wait, perhaps
A comrade here
    Who knows him we may find—
Ah, yes there's one,
A comrade dear
    Who tender was and kind.

"Who nursed him through
The fever long,
    And heard his latest sigh,
Call 'Mother, dear
Ah, mother, dear,
    I'm going home, goodbye.'"

The night before
They left Key West,
    In a trench they laid him there;
The only child
Of the widow who
    Alone her grief must bear.

Oh you who hear
The muffled drum,
    While low the colors wave,
Just drop a tear
For the privates all
    Who found a nameless grave.

And soldier boys
And comrades dear,
    Who tender were and kind,
Remember then
The sacrifice
    Of those they left behind.

America's Greeting to Ireland.

Oh, sons of Ireland I welcome thee
From thy beloved home across the sea
Dear Erin, though you grieve to leave enchained
What she has lost in losing you, I gained.
When in my youth I stood in fetters bound,
I wailed but tyranny heard not the sound
Till Patrick Henry in a heated breath
Cried "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Then as we struggled with King George's host,
Regaining next day what the last day lost,
How nobly came ye o'er to our relief
Lending us aid and sharing in our grief.
Who at Chemung? Your Sullivan so grave
Did crush the tory and the savage brave,
And Carroll's pen with a courageous stroke
Assisted others, who my fetters broke.

Once more when England would my pride subdue
Ye come, brave hearts strong hands, yet kind and true.

Young Crogan at Fort Stevenson was crowned,
And on Champlane McDonough was renowned:
Then Patterson began to show his might,
And twice thereafter battled for the right.—
When Mexico would dare our linews dispute,
And then at home when slavery took root.

And when by pride and power of pelf beguilded
They would secede, or like a wayward child,
My southern sons, who by my standard stood,
When foreign foe would shed their country's blood,
Let pomp and avarice their minds deprave,
They would themselves, proud liberty enslave
And cry: "you shall no more to us dictate
We shall hereafter claim the rights of state.

But nobler sons all over this broad land
Reply "Divided we can never stand"
And so the war of brothers was begun
And lasted till the victory was won.
Among the first the Irish offered aid
You all remember Meagher's brigade
Who fought so bravely where the green flag flew,
Just side by side our own red, white and blue.

And need I mention Phil Sheridan's ride?
To save my honor he would there have died,
As o'er the bloody and war beaten track
To victory he led his soldiers back.
One other name 'twill sadden you to tell,
The gallant Kearney at Chantilly fell,
And scores of others whom I need not name
Have shed their life-blood on the field of fame.

Though not in war alone have you been tried,
For ev'ry place of trust you've filled with pride,
In labor, letters, science, art and song
And statesmanship.—'tis needless to prolong
The list, for wheresoever thrift abound,
There too my Irish sons shall e're be found.
For my true sons I claim you now to be;
Thrice welcome then to this land of the free.

My Dream.

I woke with a sob all a tremble
The feeling I scarce can define
Of depression and utter dejection;
As of baffled endeavor, or vain;
My whole being yearning for something
A spirit yet kindred to mine
A something, or some one to trust to,
And solace this nature of mine.

My arms enfolded the darkness
In my anguish I uttered a prayer
"Oh Father give strength to this weakness,
And hope to this utter despair,
On Thee then I lay all this burden
Of nature, so womanish, weak,
Bear me over this darkness and sorrow,
Make me humble, submissive and meek."

Then soothed were my senses, I slumbered
And dreamed that you came once again,
And we sat in God's beautiful sunshine—
My hero—my king among men!
In the morning I woke all refreshed
And knew although severed—apart;
That God still united our spirits—
And his love united our hearts.

My Lady.

She doesn't care much about physics
Or Latin, the classics and "sich;"
She doesn't want poverty's portion
Nor worries she, aye, to be rich.
She doesn't care much for the divan,
And somehow she'd feel out of place
Decked out in pink silks and fine velvet,
And diamonds with all, and cream lace.

She claims not to fly with the angels,
Their mission is almost too high;
She fears not the world's brunt of battle,
And fears she not either to die.
She never will say she loves labor,
And yet she will drudge the day through
To save mother's steps when she's weary,
And when there is something to do.

She's neither a saint nor a sinner,
Just human and natural she;
She scorns the world affectation,
Yet humbly she bended the knee
To ask of her father his blessing,
When the first pious act* was begun—
Her love will encircle her brother
In sorrow and sickness and fun.

*First communion or Lord's supper.

She has temper? Oh, yes, when you try it;
She'll say you are horrid, or vain;
She'd drive you away from her presence,
Then weep lest she'd given you pain,
And deign e'en to ask your forgiveness,
Then all her own faults she can see;
She'll tell you she's cranky and cruel—
You were not to blame—it was she.

If sister is ever in trouble
To her she is welcome to come,
And the children confide in her ever;
She plays in their games, works their sums.
You may always believe what she tells you;
Her watchword is ever the truth;
She remains all in all, to her loved ones,
In shadow and sunshine, in sooth.

Home.

Not in hereditary wealth
Of gilded marble halls
A'light with splendid chandeliers
And silken-draped the walls.

Where fashion decked with jewels rare
By liveried servants shown
Pays homage to a social queen
Does home consist alone.

But in the cot up-reared by two
From labor's earnings spared
Illumined by faith, hope and love
When joy and grief are shared.

When from the world's uneven strife
Disheartened, tired to come
To wife and child's encircling arms
There's peace and rest at home.

New Year.

We lay away the old year gray
With all its joys and tears
And welcome in a new-born year
With latent hopes and fears;
For all are beggars by the way
The rich, the poor, the great
And on conspicuous comers
His Kingly bouty wait.

And as his chariot rolls along
The paved path of time,
To some he doles out menial things,
To others things sublime;
But whatso'er he deigns to bring
Must e'en accepted be,
Whether it comes from sorrow's bourne,
Or from Elysian sea.

And at his will each one must fill,
His formal niche of fate,
The poor may elevated be,
Or humbled be the great,
Nor need we think our part to shun,
Or seek more pleasant bowers,
But grasp the thorns he flings to us,
And twine them with the flowers.

Plea For Filipinos.

Why, Regal Mistress of the world!
  Descend you from your throne,
Where honor, justice, right and creed
  Have placed you for their own?
Let Russia counsel gore for gain
  And steep her soul in blood,
Oppress the weak, uphold the strong,
  Her coffers ever flood
With coin wrung from a noble foe
Whene'er, howe'er she would.

But you, God's own appointed queen!
  Of all the brave and true,
Cast not your laurels at her feet,—
  A nation to subdue.
The Filipinos want their homes;
  They want their lands, and power
To govern self in dignity
  Is every people's dower.
Why seek their sacred rights to thwart
  And why to justice cower?

Let not the crown which Cuba wrought
  And placed upon your brow,—
The bond of faith in human kind,—
  Be wrenched from you now.
For human weal you fought for her,
  For liberty you strove;
You did not seek her sovereignty,—
  Your conquest was for love.

Columbia, call home your troops!
  Across Pacific's main,
Lay down the sword in loyalty
  To wield the brawn and brain.
Your statutes need their deepest thought;
  Your prairies need their plow;
Their strength which quelled the fiercest foe
  With wealth will you endow.
The Filipinos ask no more
  Than you in time gone by.
They pleaded for their rights in peace
  And justice says: Comply!

Sorrow.

Come, Solitude, enfold me now,
And bid the silent teardrops flow;
I'll bow for once before my grief,
This bursting heart must have relief
And feel the luxury of woe.

Then cover sorrow with a pall
Of smiles for the cold world to view,
For joy is for the world alone,—
It cares not for the bitter moan
Which must be heard by only you.

Wandewana's Prophecy

"But the light came at last
And guided his wavering footsteps."

Wandewana's Prophecy.

To the one who suggested the title of this little volume, and whose friendship I have ever highly prized, I dedicate this its principal poem.

Wandewana's Prophecy.

Where the fragrant boughs bend, of the tough-fibered cedar
And the "Father of Waters" runs down to the sea,
Is the mouth of the "Oisconsin" as it vomits
The sands it has gorged from each hillside and lea.
On its high rocky banks, farther north bloomed the forest
Of oak and of maple where bitter-sweet clung
And around the white ash crept the wild honey-suckle,
Ere his home from the red man European wrung.

To this forest of yore, in the bloom of his manhood,
Came a chief, Kewaydin and Annung, his young bride,
He had builded a wigwam of birch and of cedar,
With his people, the Sacs, that he might reside.

In the early spring days when the grass is beginning
To cover the valleys and hills cold and bare,
When winter will pause in its course with persistence.
Though trailing-arbutis perfumes the moist air;
Ere the daisy uplifts to the sunlight its lashes,
Or the rose's shy blush greets the dawn's early sigh,—
When the soft zephyr draws from the cloud let the tear drop,
And the thunder's loud voice tells us spring time is nigh;
From across the great river, with pride, Annung bore he,
The daughter of Chief Wandewana the brave,
Who said "Great Sauk Chief Kewaydin, you're worthy
My bright morning star, your Annung yon shall have."

"My eyes now so dim, like yours once did brighten,
And my step, now so slow, like the brown deer was fleet,
And my aim never swerved from the wild bear or bison,
Or, when arrow and sepent said "Warriors to meet."
Then I, too, like you loved a squaw and I wandered
From the land of my fathers away to the east,
And there in the land of your people I found her,
My bright-eyed Waybund to be queen of my feast."

But twelve moons had passed, when the great Manito
To the land of Ponema had taken my squaw,—
For she gave up her spirit to bring me your Annung,—
To the skies it ascended, like great Ishkoodah,
Other braves in my place would have soon loved another,
But my papoose, Annung, was to me squaw and child;
For the spirit of Wabun encircled her ever,
And held my heart still with a tenderness wild.

"I have shielded her ever from hunger and hardship;
The otter's best skin I would take for her dress.
And the purest of pearls I could find in the streamlet,
On her moccasin gleamed, or her bosom caressed;
The most fragrant leaves for her couch I would gather,
Then the buffalo skin made it soft as the down
Of the duck; and the ermine's fine fur would enfold her,
And woe to the brave who encounter her frown."

But her love has made light all my cares and my labor,
When hungry or footsore from war, or the chase,—
My pemmican ready, my pipe, and in winter.
My moccasins dry the out-worn to replace.
But my time, now, is short and the day is not distant,
When I go to my Wabun, my star of the east;
She is waiting and calling beyond the dark river,
In the land of Manito* still queen of my feast.

"Sometimes comes she nigh in the night when I slumber
And tells me a tale which I fain would not know,
And I start from my dreams 'tis of Annung, my daughter,
Who 'spite of all efforts shall yet come to woe.
Nor mine is the fault, nor will be yours hereafter,
But another, she says, will come far o'er the sea:
And she sees in the distance, the downfall of forests
And the home of the red man no more, it will be."

"But take now, my son, your fair Annung and shield her,
And I from the Hunting-grounds, happy shall see
And warn you of danger. Farewell now, my daughter,
My Papoose, my star! All! now given to thee."

And happy Kewaydin with Annung departed
With guides, crossed the "Fathers of Waters," and through
The praries and hills and the vales of Wisconsin,
To its river; the guides then returned to the Sioux.

*Great Spirit.

The river here swerves to the east, then the westward;
Its way it has eaten through hillside and rocks,
As it shimmering slides, like a silvery serpent
From the great north divide in the land of the locks.

'Neath a low jutting crag where Kewaydin had left it,
His light birch canoe he had soon drawn forth,
And lifting so lightly, his bride the fair Annung,
They entered the craft and he rowed to the north.

Then with chatter and song did the time pass so fleetly,
On the water did nothing but love intervene
Till a shadow was cast on its bright glassy surface,
And glancing above a rude figure was seen.
"Tis the great Angel Rock," said Kewaydin, when questioned
And told how a chieftain in time long ago
Was so famed for his beauty, to save him from women,
An angel was sent from the great Manito.
But even this angel became so enamored
It forgot its grand mission, though told it to none.
But the great Manito, who knew all its secrets,
In his anger had turned this vestal to stone.
And the chieftain who now so all unprotected,
Became from that moment regardless of laws
And from that time henceforth had the brave ever taken
To himself as his own a great number of squaws.*

*The Indians were polygamists.

Thus onward they paddled, through deep flowing
narrows
And wide sandy shallows, 'twixt shining cliffs
grand:
To each of which clung some timeworn legend,
Till the fire on the bank showed the place they must
land.

'Twas evening and there, there were many assembled
To welcome the child of their star of the east.
And she who herself is bright star of the morning,
The wedding feast ready is queen of the feast.

Builded they the largest fire
Made of fir and pine and hemlock
Carried far from out the forest;
Took then punk and hardest flint-rock,
Rubbed them till the firey sparks caught
On the beards of pine and hemlock.

Blazed the fire while they feasted,
Lighting up the forest dim
Creeping into every corner,
Making fairies of each limb,
Dancing in the flaming flicker
Here and there with voiceless vim.

When the wedding feast was over
All came forward to present
To the couple in their wigwam
Many gifts and compliment
Young Kewaydin, and to welcome
Annung with much merriment.

Years they lived there with his people,
All united as a brother;
She was e'er his guardian angel,—
Cared he never for another;
She alone was squaw unto him;
Of his children, she the mother.

But among Kewaydin's children
One a daughter, dearer far
Was to him, than any other
Bright was she as morning star,—
Beautiful as early morning
When Aurora gleams afar.

At her birth great Wandewana,
(Long since dead) to him had come
In a dream said "This papoosee
Pain will bring to your Annung;
Now beyond the 'Big Sea water' *
From the east our slayers come."

She will bear the white man's children,
She our brethren disunite,
Love will rend her fair young bosom
From the red man for the white:
But her life will have two dawnings
One in darkness—one of light.

* Lake Superior.

PART II.

Kesheahbinoqua was she
Who grew as did the linden tree,
Beneath whose shade she'd rest at noon
Or, climb to gaze up at the moon
Whose disc her wondering eye had caught;
Its face of light and shadow taught
That yet beyond is something more
Than man can ever know before
His spirit soars beyond the earth,
And comes again diviner birth,
Or, pondering as from rock to rock
She bounds; the birds her laughter mock,
She stands and asks the question, "Why
Are land and water, trees and sky,
Why insect, bird and beast abound
And all that I can see around—
The sun that shines so bright and clear—
What made it all? why am I here?"
Yet, she though testing clime and clod
Knows not, she seeks the living God.

But thinking thus as thus she felt
Ere long her savage nature melts;
She knows that man was made for more
Than eat and drink and sleep and war,
And grasping nature's teachings wild
In flower and plant, this savage child
Became refined in all its laws;
So different from the other squaws,
The cynosure of all their eyes;
That many a brave soon sought the prize.

While others must the ground prepare
For maize to grow, or fuel bear;
Or bring the sweet wild rice that grew
Beside the stream, some warrior true
Who ne'er before had bent his pride
Would fondly linger by her side
To bear the burden, till the soil,
And gladly share with her the toil.

As weeks and months and years passed on
She grew more fair to look upon,
Their joy, Kesheahbinoqua
Or, Early Dawn, this bright young squaw,
Her mother's perfect form and face,
With all her father's pride and grace.
And though in love and peace with all,
Not e'en the bravest could her call
His own, and pleading proved in vain
Until Windago, from the plain,
The Outagamie brave, had drawn
Attention of the Early Dawn.

'Twas winter when he came to woo,
And told how he had waded through
Deep valleys where the glistening snow
Had drifted from the hills, where blow
The winds with such a force, until
It seemed the valleys it would fill;
And lingered he until the Sacs
Had learned from the scouts that tracks
Were traced where the Menominee
Had hunted and had blazed a tree,
Near which they would a village found
Inside the Saukies hunting-ground.

'Twas all he wished, to win his love,
His prowess in the battle prove,
And urged Kewaydin send a band
Of warriors forth to save his land.
And he in war-paint, rings and crest,
His sharp-edged tomahawk caressed,
And flint tipped arrow strung to bow,
Would lead his braves and valor show.
His stalwart figure, flashing eyes,
Seeks now, through the admiring eyes,
Of all around, who o'er him fawn
But one, shy, modest, Early Dawn.

And she? Perhaps a little pride
Gleamed from her eye, as thus she spied
(With haughty mien and stately grace)
Him glide to find her hiding place,
But when he tells her now he goes
To battle with her father's foes.
She cares not that he heeds the call
And fears not though himself may fall;
For, like some simple unfledged bird
(Waits in its nest ere it takes flight,)
There naught of passion in her stirred,—
Her heart awaits its love's true light.

And on the war path now they go,
Besmeared with paint to meet the foe,
Kewaydin with his braves go north
While Windago with his set forth
Across the hills toward the east,—
They must surprise them at their feast.

But Windago, whose force was fleet,
Arrived ahead and failed to meet
Kewaydin, who as now grown old,—
Moved slowly and with care—though bold,
And as Windago reached the brow
Of hill, below where then as now
The river Fox flows to the Bay,
He saw in all its fine array
The valley clothed in purest white,
And glistening in the sun a sight
Of envy, it, to any eye,
White-sheeted lakes serenely lie
With frozen ripples glistening through
The frosted limbs of trees that grew
In wild profusion toward the skies,
It seemed fairy paradise:
And dotted here and there he sees

As from their tents the grey smoke curled
They seemed asleep to all the world;
Wrapped in a flame of sunset gleam
And those inside how little dream,
That ne'er again for them shall shine
That lingering ray—that fiery line—
For ere the night has spent its glory
Not one shall live to tell its story.

So all impatient Windago
(For honors great he seeks to sow),
Can scarce await the midnight hour,
The sleeping village in his power,
To lead his braves, so dauntless he,
And his alone the victory
Menominees with labor done
Would feast next day at set of sun,
Unconscious all of peril near,
They calmly rest with naught of fear;
Nor listened, when the war whoop heard,
But drowsy, thought it some night bird,
Until it rang beside each tent
As if infernal regions lent
Its million serpent sounds so near
As rattlers ring—aroused to fear.

At last the situation grasped
The least advantage now is passed;
They wake to find their huts ablaze;
The shrieks of wives and children daze
Their senses, tomahawk in hand,
Rush here and there, their little band,
Surrounded as they seem to be
By braves who rush from 'hind each tree:
Bewildered by the piercing cry
Of those beloved who e'en would fly,
But ere their feeble effort made
A savage grasped his copper blade,
And sinks it in some tender breast,
A groan and scalp soon tells the rest
The scene presented just before
(A fairy paradise) now bore
Such as a Dante might portray
In his "Inferno's," dread display;
Where suffering souls, who never still,
Must expiate at Heavens will
Their earthly crimes at Hade's shrine,
For all eternity's sad time.

At last the fight is nearly done
For Windago the glory won;
But as he turnes his work to see
A single brave Menominee,
A sprightly chief, springs at his throat
And bears him down just as a mote
Is borne by the rustling breezes
And on his breast is placed his knees—
But ere the hunting knife descends,
'Tis wrested by Windago's friend's

His latent strength is brought to bear—
Takes the Menominee unaware—
With one quick bound is on his feet,
And turns again his foe to meet,
Who all unarmed, unconquered, still
Supported by his stubborn will,
With agile blows and flashing eyes
His adversary he defies;
Still sparring on the gory snow,
The knife he wrested from the foe—
Then all at once his footing lost
The slippery ground him backward tossed—
The knife is fallen to the ground
Out of his reach Windago bounds
Once more upon his helpless foe—
Who bares his breast to his fierce blow;
While still defiant flash his eyes—
Without one groan, he calmly dies
By the same knife which he had wrung
From his opponent—all is done!

Kewaydin coming from afar
Sees all the fire and smoke of war,
And though he planned to camp that night,
He presses on to share the fight;
But when he reaches there at last
The fight is won the battle past,
And vain Windago proudly shows
The rifled huts and murdered foes.
He wins of course, Kewaydin's praise,
And all remain for many days
To celebrate their victory
With spoils of the Menominee.

But well they know this victory
Is but the breeze upon the sea,
Which but pretends the angry storm
That lashes wavelets' weakest form
Into a boiling seething mass
Where foaming billowy breakers pass
Each other in their maddened course
As bearing down in awful force
Each thing that dare oppose their might,
To death, like demons in their flight!
For soon Menominee must learn
Their comrade's fate and fierce must burn
Their wrath for vengeance toward the foe,
Who dealt their tribe that cruel blow.

Kewaydin's insight reaching far,
He counsels now "prepare for war"
And to that council fire must go
The Outagamie Windago,
His allied force he must portray,
And does, with eloquence allay
Kewaydin's fears, they must march forth
Toward the east, then toward the north,
And build a fort upon the bay
So strong, of cedar logs and clay,
That e'en Menominee's quick brain
Its cunning might apply in vain,
A way invent to force them through,
The allied forces to subdue.

Now let them follow their designs
And come with me north to the pines
Dear reader, to a village where

Menominee in wild despair
Bemoans the loss of kindred dear
(By arrow, tomahawk and spear
Of Sacs, and outagamie braves.)

Their loud acclaim quick vengeance craves,
The myriad frozen lakes hard by
Hear not the mother's moan or sigh;
The wind sweeps o'er the crusted snow
The iron mines lie far below,
Where man who civilized in power,
May wield the drill, receive their dower
Of wealth, to these so all unknown—
But list, ah list, the maiden's moan;
Whose lover torn from her embrace
And doomed no more to see his face;
Her wail o'er hill and dale ascends
The murmuring pine but condescends
Its whispering word of sympathy
Unto her sad soliloquy.

At length their grief excites the ire
Of friend and brother, son and sire;
The elders finally agree,
And counsel war most cruelly.
They know alone they dare not hope
With the Allies in war to cope,
And their decision is that they
Must gather tribes from far way,
Along the lakes; the Chippewa's
Pottawattomies, Ottawas;
With such a force they would surprise
The foe and crush the proud Allies.

So trusty messengers they send
To all these villages to lend
Assistance; and with war-paint all,
The hatchet dig—come at their call;
Then all the larger boys repair
Into the forest here and there;
(The girls also) find the best
Of birch-bark, cedar twigs they test
For they must limber be and strong
To fashion the canoe, so long
Before the braves can all prepare,
The women's nimble fingers share
Their labors, and their birch canoes
Are ready for the warrior's cruise.

But there is now another, who
Unto his calling ever true—
There, "Black gown" European is he;
These children of the forest see
In this pale Jesuit the one,
Who like his master, hears the moan
Of sorrow, and in tender tone
He tells of how One came from on high
To suffer—on the cross to die—
For those who were his enemies;
To expiate their crimes to please
His Father, lest his holy ire
Condemn them to eternal fire.

He leads them to his cabin rude,
And shares with them its warmth and food,
And he of France, a refined son,
With these rude savages is one;
Their Black gown, brother, angel, he;
Their all in christianity.

He tries to teach them hope and trust
In Him who said "forgive you must
As oft as seventy times seven,
That ye yourselves may be forgiven."

They listen to each holy word
Of Christian peace, but yet is stirred
Their savage nature to its core,
The argument of Black gown bore
But little weight against their wrath;
Their war dance done, they take the path,
In early springtime toward the bay
And there one morn at dawn of day,
(Their canoes o'er the waters sport,)
With all their might they storm the fort;
But they are bravely kept at bay,
The Allies wakeful night and day,
Though all surrounded, do not try
To sue for peace till the supply
Of water fails. Then, on a cord
A vessel lower, which might afford
Them drink; but look! ere it descends
Menominee his paddle bends
Toward the poor Allies' new device
And cuts the deerskin in atrice.
Then calls with all a savage sneer,
"Come down, and drink! Why should you fear
The tribe of the Menominee?
Come down, nor be so cowardly!
Though Kewaydin and Windago
On every side for water go
'Tis vain and now they plainly see,
They must steal forth, or murdered be.

But after long, a seven days' fast, *
Windago has a dream at last—
A young man clothed in purest white
Came to him in the dead of night
And said "fear not; I come to save
You all if you but be brave;
At midnight I shall send a sleep
Upon your enemies and keep
Them so securely snoring here
You may go forward without fear."
So weary the besieged fled past
Their sleeping foes, who woke at last
To find their prey had slyly flown
And their designs were overthrown.

Though winter covered all the earth
When first the Allies started north
The balmy days of spring had come
With robin song and partridge drum,
Ere wearied by their long campaign
The Sacs their villiage see again;
And though no scalps their belts adorn,
They're not of all their honors shorn;
They're welcomed silently: then all
For Windago, the hero! call;
Who ever stern, and fierce and grave,
Must tell how he the force did save.
He does, then silently he strolls
Among the huts, for Dawn he calls—
Ah, thus it seems the world demands,
What we most wish evades our hands;
We're cloyed with all the things we see
And long for those that cannot be.

* In any great crisis, the chief fasted seven days, and then his dream was taken as an omen.

Windago questions all around,
And search is made; at last is found
Kesheahbinoqua at a cross
That's set upon a mound of moss,
And on each arm are trophies hung
Of beads and wampun, which Annung
Had placed to beg of Manito
To save Kewaydin from the foe.

Kesheahbinoqua relates
To Windago—whose savage traits
Seek everywhere an enemy—
How several days ago that she
Had heard a call, and later saw
Two men of wondrous beauty draw
Near to the elder Sachem's tent,
And each the pipe of peace present.

The Sachem called the aged men
In council, and decided then,
The elder four go and invite
The strangers there to spend the night.
One was a man of great renown,
He who is known as the "Black gown."
The other was a pale-faced chief
She thus described in language brief
The gentle Jesuit Marquette,
And his attendant Joliet
And as she said, the elder four
Conducted them to the Sachem's door,
Where he with his attendants stood
Bare-naked, that the strangers could
Perceive they were of arms divest
And feel themselves secure as guests.

He welcomed them thus cordially
Into his home which savagery
Had beautified with trophies brought
From far away, as also wrought
By busy, lithesome, laughing squaws,
So versed were they in nature's laws.
The carpets made of skin and all
The mats of rushes; on the wall
Were rude designs in colors bright;
The prowess of some chief in fight.

Mats for the strangers then were found,
Near to the center, and around
The others sat in silent state,
That they the strangers, might relate
Their errand to this forest king.
They tell of their's; his presents bring—
So great and powerful is he;
His greatest wish that he may see
His people live in peace and love
With these the Sacs, and then to prove
The truth, their presents they present,
And with each one a compliment.

The savage joyfully receives
And in return his own he gives—
Some wampun, and the calumet
Of polished stone, he gives Marquette
To be a sign where e're he goes,
To make him friends where might be foes.
And ere the conference is done
He gives him his adopted son,

Whom he had captured when a boy
From the most docile Illinois.
And the "Black-gown" may in him confide
To be interpreter and guide.

The council finished, they proceed
To feast; the white men, much in need
Of food, proceeded with azest,
And of the viands chose the best.
Four courses to them was set forth;
The first of Indian meal—a broth
On hasty pudding—and with that
Was given them some melted fat
In earthen pots, the pudding done,
The master with a horn spoon,
Quite neatly wrought, fed them and smiled
As does a mother with her child.

The next course was of fishes boiled;
The weary white men, travel soiled,
With appetite too keen for thought,
From the same spoon ate what was brought;
The third a delicacy rare,
They thought baked dog, but of this fare
The poor French men refused to eat,
The last was tender buffalo meat,
Which they partook with hearty zest,
And ended then the formal feast.

These formal ceremonies done,
The Jesuit tells them how the Son
Of God, the Father, came on earth.
To save mankind; tells of his birth
And leads them on with teaching mild,
He reached the parent through the child

True angel he, with Wisdom fraught,
They sing the hymns of praise he taught;
He them inspires with love and awe,
But none like KE SHE AH RIN OQUA,
And though she listens far a part
The words sink deeply in her heart;
They make her deeper nature yearn
For higher things; she longs to learn
Of these new things, but short her joy
He must go to the Illinois.

But ere he from the Sacs departs,
On mission in the Southern parts,
'Tis she who finds the mound of moss
To set his symbol, plant the cross.
In spring time squaws prepare the ground
For maise, the warriors lie around
On the green sward, in the warm sun,
Or hunt and fish, when war is done.
The children sporting with the dogs,
Or from the forest bring the logs
To make the fire, the rice to cook,
Or, speckled trout bring from the brook;
But to supply their frugal fare,
So flees the time, for them no care.

Majupiwi * the planting moon,
Is gone and comes the month of June,
Wajustecasawi † tis said,
When luscious strawberries are red;

* May.
† June.

The hunter's wife on some dark night
Must all unrobe, and in this plight,
When none can see and her dispraise,
A circuit round the field of maize
Must make with matchehota * in hand
(And dragging) to prevent the land
From worms and insects, for in fine
No harm can pass the charmed line.

* Best cloak of an Indian woman.

PART III.

With all these superstitions done,
The tribe's nomadic trip begun.
So down the river to its bend
They go, then shortly westward tend;
There find a lake sunk in a hill,
As if the cavern it would fill;
But rise the rocks to beetling height,
As if to mock this puny mite
Of water, or preserve unseen
This glacial cup of nectarine
From human eye; for all around
There's ne'er an outlet to be found
That one might trace it to its bed
Or learn the source whereof 'tis fed.
The pine's dark green above the gray
And crumbling rocks, here can display.
Old beauteous nature all her charms;
Peeps forth the fern when sunshine warms
Its bed of leafy mould the stone.
Had hoarded yearly, one by one;
The towering boulders, one might fear
A finger's touch (as they appear)
Might send them toppling in the lake,
And if a nearer view you take.
The violet 'neath that rocky screen
In diamond studded dew is seen
And later climbs the rose to view.
Its fragrance tells its presence through
The thickly tangled bed of vines
And moss and leaves and cones of pines.

While savants quote geology
And dig for quarts, enough for me
To see here to the naked eye
A place where one might dream and sigh
The heated summer hours away
Disporting in the lake's pure spray,
Or, listless, seek some shady nook
Awhile, with camera or book,
Ostensibly to sketch or read,
But in reality proceed
To dream of times when love was true.
Some fairy vision brings to view
A face divine, or if deceived
He knew it not was not aggrieved
Each changing vision past him sweep
With 'wildering wiles he falls asleep.

And so thus thought Monsieur Pierie,
A frenchman from across the sea,
Who, worn with hunting, hungry too,
The lake he spied and quickly drew
Near to it, to allay his thirst,
When such a glorious vision burst
Upon his sight, as there he spies
An Indian Maid, whose jetty eyes
Were gazing in the clear, calm lake;
A forward step he dare not take
Lest he dispel the vision, break
The trance; for thus he thought;
Her beauty had so on him wrought.
Up to her waist the water covered,
While all around like diamonds hovered

The spray, as, glistening in the sun
She dashed it o'er her, then begun
(And like a mermaid gliding o'er)
To swim toward the nether shore.

Pierie, ever a knight so true,
Behind a boulder slyly drew
That he might not the maid affright,
Or, seeming bold, might lose the sight
Of her forever; so he pressed
Far out of sight till she was dressed,
Then leisurely he strode toward
The place she stood on the green sward.
Her tunic was of deer skin tanned
And ornamented with a band
Of ermine, reaching past the knees,
While 'round her slender waist he sees
A belt of polished pearl-like shells
Of clams so strung they ring like bells
And knotted on her side so neat
And gracefully; her dress complete,
Her neck and arms and feet are bare
And each present perfection rare;
Her straight dark hair hangs to her knee,
In its profusion, unkept and free,
Like a dark cloud; the graceful neck
A string of polished teeth bedeck,
While round the shapely arms are wound
In bands, the polished rattles found
Upon the poisonous rattlesnake
They caught among these rocks and brake;
Upon the high, broad brow a band
Of tiny shells wrought by her hand
On deer-skin, and coquettishly

Some feathers red and blue, and she,
So fairly formed, amidst this scene,
In nature's home, is nature's queen.

So mused Pierie as he advanced
To speak to her, but here she chanced
To raise her eyes, and caught a sight
Of him among the trees; with fright
She bounded like a fleet young fawn,
And Kesheahbinoqua was gone.

Pierie disconcerted proceeds;
Like other men with human needs.
(Though given sometimes to sentiment)
A hungry heart must not prevent
One to attend the stomach's weal,
So he must seek his noon-day meal.

He clambers over boulders tall
And crumbling, broken rock so small,
So that he may the sooner reach
The plat that's now called Sandy Beach;
And glancing eastward o'er the scene
He sees around upon the green,
A band of Sacs prepared to eat
Their dinner. One advanced to meet
Him, and he then presents
The pipe of peace with compliments
Of Blackgown. Need I, need I tell,
That now the Sacs receive him well?
He's asked to share their midday meal
And everything to make him feel
He's welcome here among his friends,
Is done, and then some time he spends,

In language figurative to tell
Of Blackgown Pere Marquette
Who fell so, among the Illinois.
He must return. But great their joy
To learn he daily better grew,
And ere the hard moon* would pass through
The Saukiès village at the bend
Of the Wisconsin they might send
Their compliments, or go and see
Their friend; and so he wiled away
The afternoon was urged to stay,
And nothing loath, (for yet he saw
Not Blithe Kesheahbinoqua).
Most willing he joined the band
Of braves disporting on the strand.

Kesheahbinoqua's mad race
Had led her on from place to place,
Till overcome with heat now burn
Her fair brown cheeks; she must return,
Or, circle round, that she may reach
The camp upon the Sandy beach.
But faint from fright and want of drink
She drops beside a spring whose brink
Of mossy covered stone invite
Her wearied senses, hid from sight
By bending bush and drooping vine
The quiet wood and breeze combine
To lull her fears, and rest is won;
With action past, thought has begun
(As all impetuous nature's do)
Her past position comes to view;

*December.

And resting in the quiet shade
She thinks why should she be afraid,
And wonders if she e'er again
Shall see the pale-face man and then,
Being hungry cautiously crept out
Of her seclusion; went about
Where e'er the ripe strawberries grew;
Allayed her hunger, and then threw
Away her fears, and took the trail
Across the mountain to the vale
East of the lake, where Sacs camp
And reaches there before the damp
Of eve vails all its misty light
Before the camp-fire's lit for night.

But drawing near the camping place
Among the braves she sees the face
Of him she saw out in the wood,
As so impassively he stood
And leaned against a maple tree
The calumet smoked leisurely.
The maid could never have defined
The thousand thoughts that through her mind
Swept like the clouds before the wind
Which leave but sunshine all behind.

Her fears allayed she stands to scan
Each lineament of the very man.
Who destined to fulfill the dream
Of Wandewana; yet no gleam
Of present light reached to that end;
He was their brother, guest and friend.
His education rare, refined,
Advantages he left behind,

Like many a bright impetuous youth
To seek adventure, that in sooth,
Successful, true it proved to be
One looking at him now could see;
But to the maiden's savage eye,
He seemed descended from the sky,
His clothes, though shabby, in their prime
Were European of that time;
His height about the medium build,
His frank expression quickly filled
With confidence his new allies,
While from his sparkling keen black eyes,
A tender though determined look
Which showed what e'er he undertook
He never faltered to the end
To quell a foe, or help a friend.
His silken hair of raven black
So long had grown, pushed smoothly back,
Hung to his shoulders, and the white,
Soft hand would ne'er betray the might
The sinewy arm still possessed
In time of need if sorely pressed.

As Kesheshbinoqua mused
She caught his eye—was so confused
The rich blood mounted to her cheek,
As he advances now to speak.
His chivalry is e'er obeyed,
E'en to this simple forest maid,
With slight obeisance, he proceeds
To give his thanks that she concedes
A moment, and his humble right
To beg forgiveness for the fright
Which he had given her at noon—

Then takes his leave, but very soon,
With supper o'er, he steals a round
To where she's seated on the ground
Beside the camp-fire, and he leads
Her on to tell of all the creeds
Of savage tribes, until at last
Came Blackgown; thus the evening passed.
And many an eve and morn and day
On wings of sunshine flew away
Past these two children, projeny
Of Adam, yet as one could trace
Each was a type of different race
So like in all that nature gives,
And differed, but where art retrieves
The unassuming, artless way
Of Early Dawn, from the first day
Had Pierie's admiration won.
Obedience to, and duty done
Her high ideals and nature's lore,
Her eagerness to learn of more
Or, newer things which he had known
In that far country of his own.

He told her how his mother died,
And how he missed her love and tried
Adventure—loved him none but she,
And so he came across the sea
And told her how the ladies there
Wore evening dress and dressed their hair,
Sometimes her own dark locks would braid,
Or curl, as did the dark French maid.
At nature's mirror in the lake
Would urge her then a peep to take—
And she, in merry child-like glee,

Would make the echo merrily
Ring through the forest far and free,
Her merry rippling laugh resound
Against the rocks, then back rebound
Sail o'er the silent sylvan lake;
Her own small hand in his he'd take,
And felt that none more fair than these
He ever saw across the seas;
Or, join the dancers on the green
With blare of Indian drum, and then
With whistle merry, leave the set
And teach her too the minuet.
Exchanging thought he leads her on
From out the dark his Early Dawn;
Her superstitions drive away
And Christianizes every day
This savage girl, and so becomes
A better man; but too succumbs
Himself alas? to cupid's snare
And loves ere yet he is aware
This forest nymph; from day to day
He cannot tear himself away.

The change refined her heart elates
And op'd ah, op'd, the plastic gates
Of love to this unthinking swain,
To ne'er, no ne'er' be closed again
In joy, or sorrow, storm or sun;
That love that here so light begun
And comes unsought without behest,
Will last till both are laid at rest
In their last home, Oblivion's bourne,
The comfort, hope, of those who mourn.
Thus marches merry month of June

To robin-carol,—pathway strewn
With roses, follows in its train;
July, all smiling, would remain,—
But e'en must hasten its adieus
For August whispering to the muse
In garb of moonlit magic thrown
O'er sylvan vale and marshes mown.

September, then steals from the shade,
And Pierie had a promise made
That he return this month to the
New mission with Menominee
And on the eve before the day
He starts, they carelessly must stray
Up the east bluff; a path they take
Where four hundred feet above the lake
Two columns make of boulder-stone,
A doorway high, o'er which is thrown
The topmost two, so as to meet
And form an arch and door complete, *
On this great height they stand to view
The setting sun, and Dawn so true
To her wild nature, sings this lay
For Pierie to the dying day:
"Now turn Sunset thou to the distant west
And see the Gorgeous king of day
Ere sinking to his bed of rest
In sorrow view the dying day.

Trembling he sends up his rays
A thwart the ever—fading skies
As if reluctant to erase
His brightness from her dimming eyes.

* This is a natural arch called "Devil's Doorway."

As sinks he slowly in the deep
He casts one lingering look behind,
And hesitating, seems to weep
O'er her to darkness there consigned.

Yet once more flash in feeble strife
His glinting beams across the sea,
As if to whisper "hope and life
Tomorrow will return with me".

And now descends he in the wave
Leaving the shrouded day alone;
Serenely bends she to her grave
Content to die when he had gone".

"Your lay is sad, my Dawn—you sigh?"
"Yes Pierie, yes; and so could I
E'en as the day when sun is gone,
Could die contented Early Dawn,
If love proved false, or e'en had fled,
Then Dawn herself, would soon be dead."
He bids farewell to Dawn next morn
But gently says he will return,
E'en as the sun; then takes the trail
That leads direct o'er hill and dale
To the Menominees—fears them not;
The mission only now he sought.

So e'er it is since Adam's fall,
The "serpents trail is over all"
We seek for happiness in vain,
The deepest joy brings keenest pain,
And now we know these days just passed
Were far too dear and bright to last,

Say pessimism if you will;
But time doth e'er these truths fulfill;
Were love reciprocated given
And joined on earth then earth were heaven.

But scarce a week passed since the day
That her dear Pierie went away,
Windago joined the Sac's camp,
With nothing of his ardor damp,
And feels rebuffed when Early Dawn
Evades his glance or, like a swan,
Flees to the lake or far away,
When he his homage dares to pay.

He questions all to find the cause
Until at length one of the squaws
Who long had watched with jealous eye
The Dawn and Pierie soon drew nigh
And told the sacred summer tale,
And in derision thus did rail:
"Windago's clothes are not so fine
His hair is course, his hands, like mine
Are rough; he knows not how to curl
Her hair, or teach the forest girl;
And so he cannot take the place
Of the new brave the French Pale-face."

She thus aroused Windagos ire—
So Jealous ere he can retire;
To Kewaydin he goes to learn
When this new paleface will return
And asks Kewaydin if he knows
He's with Menominees, his foes.
Exciting thus Kewaydin's fears

And stern resentment when he hears
Perhaps Pierie is but a spy
And now may be a fierce ally
Of the Menominees whose tribe
Has sent him here perhaps to bribe
Kesheabinoqua and betray
The Sacs to slaughter in a day,
And if he should return again
Kewaydin must be very plain
And not allow the Early Dawn
And young Pierie to be alone.

Now Early Dawn Kewaydin calls,
And tells her all, and it appalls
Her gentle nature when she hears
Windago's story; all her fears
Are roused, and only for Pierie,
His peril, his alone can see.
Then when Kewaydin tells her where
He heard the news, she sees the snare;
And so his kinder self to move
She tells her pure impassioned love.

But then, he says, the whites deceive
And flatter; she must not believe
Pierie; he cares not for the squaw;
He loves her not; Kesheahbinoqua
Must give him up and go no more
Alone with him on lake or shore;
Her love was wrong; he'd ne'er decide
To make the red-man's child his bride.
And lonely now she steals away
To weep, soliloquize and pray;
Then weary Kesheahbinoqua

Lay down beside an older squaw
Who in her childhood soothed her fears.
In sympathy now saw her tears
And heard her sobs, and who at last
Her story heard, e'er night had passed.

And as the autumn days went on
Keshеahbinoqua grew more wan
And wasted; hope deferred, each day
She watched and waited for Pierie.
Until, when near a month had fled
On rising early from her bed
One morn with bright and happy face
She sees him at their trysting place—
But why her pallor—why the pause?
He bounds to meet her, find the cause.
But with a low and broken moan
She turns away; he's left alone
To ponder o'er what he had done;
Perhaps another one had won
Her love; and then a smothered sigh
Tells that he had much rather die
Than give her up; and now he thinks
(And with the thought his spirit sinks)
How cool Kewaydin too had grown—
Had some arch-fiend some discord sown,
To part him from his dearest friends?
Then all his energy he bends
To seek the base transgressor out;
For every sense within him scout
The idea that Early Dawn
Could have proved false or fickle grown.

But all that strategy could do
To speak with Early Dawn proved too
Fruitless; for her word was given
To see him not alone, and Heaven
And Earth combined could not undo,
Or break her promise until true
She proved him to Kewaydin's mind—
For she herself was ne'er inclined
To doubt him; she, what e'er befall
Preserves fidelity to all.

So all the party stay aloof
From Pierie until they have proof
That he no treacherous design
May have. Windago must define
His purpose and for this does he
Enlist the squaw Neekoosawee,
Who had aroused his jealous ire
And kindled in his heart the fire
Of bitter hatred for Pierie—
'Twas what she wished; for long had she
In secret loved the pale-face brave,
And she who e'er had been a slave
To self, can in this scheme perceive
A chance to win him and deceive
Both him and Kesheshbinoqua;
So she proceeds, this wily squaw,
To gain the confidence of both,
And though Pierie is somewhat loath
He wished to hear from Early Dawn
And has his secret from him drawn.

But Early Dawn more wary finds
In these two only foes designs,

And guards her secret well; for none
But her old friend, and she alone
Must know, and she alone could tell
The truth to Pierie if 'twere well.
Neekoosawee, with hard thin lips,
Was savage to her finger tips;
With mouth receding like a gash
And faded, small grey eyes, whose lash
Its evil gleam to hide was vain
Her greatest joy was to give pain;
Yet stoop to aught to gain her end
Or, falsely fawn as though a friend;
Her snake-like mission to decoy
And charm the bird it would destroy.
So this Neekoosawee must use
All of her arts to disabuse
The mind of Pierie that the Dawn
Could ever love alone but one
And tells him then that Windago
Had loved and wooed her long ago;
But she a heartless vain coquette
Would trifle with each one she met.
To prove the truth of what she said
If Dawn spoke with a brave, she led
Him to believe that such was she,
That e'en Kewaydin must decree,
And did, that she go not away
From out the camp at night or day.

(But if you would a falsehood hush
By living truth that falsehood crush)
And though her words Pierie appall
In not one place could he recall

Where Early Dawn had ever been
So bold and free as this with him.

He thought her coy and bright and wild
And brave perhaps this forest child,
But modest, simple, bashful ever,
And never loud, or acting clever,
Her greatest wish to learn more
Of him, the Christian faith, before—
But now, could it be that he was blind
And all those happy days behind
Were but delusion? All in vain
He tried to quiz his weary brain
To find one place where she had erred
Or any to himself preferred.

Yet he allows the other nigh
Till she begins to fawn and sigh
And hints that he might be the son
Of her own sire Koshawagum,
And then she boldly tells her love;
But were she a saint above,
Much less the crawling thing he sees,
She could not his true grief appease,
Nor even one iota wean
Of his pure passion, which had been
By Early Dawn won all unknown;
His heart was her's, and her's alone.

Windago, too, had played his part
Would ever come, nor ever start
Away from camp till first he saw
Unhappy Kesheshbinoqua.

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But her old friend was not behind
In strategy, nor was she blind
To their deceit; the time had come
When they must soon return home
To winter on the Wisconsin.
And soon Kewaydin would begin
To break up camp; now must be done
What e'er she could, to see this one,
The paleface; he must learn the truth,—
For ne'er did she mistrust the youth.
(The true respect and love of few
Exceed by far the cringing crew.)
He sitting silently apart
Received one eve, a sudden start—
The low sweet cooing of a dove—
He listened; for 'twas thus his love
Announced her presence—but so low!
He waits to hear, ere he may go,
Again the low sweet mournful sound;
Then sees he also on the ground
An acorn fall, not from a tree,
But from a hand. He turns to see
A figure flit into the wood,
Then pause one moment where he could
Perceive a boulder—disappear
Behind it. Goes he without fear—
But starts in anger when he sees—
Not Early Dawn crouched on her knees,
But there an old and withered face—
He turns again to leave the place,
But with a meaning look and tone
She drags him back, behind the stone
With "Hist pale-face, you need not fear

'Tis as your friend that I am here;
For, in a day or two we go
Away and you are thought a foe,
Windago loves the Early Dawn
And calls you spy and squaw and prawn.
So she can see you ne'er alone
And ev'ry night her sob and moan
I e'en must soothe upon my breast.
Windago, Neekoosa, the rest
Know not of this, my visit, nor
Would I be with you here, but for
The love I have for Early Dawn.
And if they knew, then had I drawn
Their anger on me; but the squaw
Her life for Kesheahbinoqua
Has risked, that she might see again
Her happy face so free from pain
As when the pale-face came to woo
And taught the dove the mournful coo."

While Pierie listened she went on:
"You wish to wed the Early Dawn?
Then ask Kewaydin for her hand
Tomorrow, when upon the sand
He walks, or after 'tis too late,
Windago then must know his fate,
Be there ahead of him and tell
In your fine tones you know so well
Your love for Kesheahbinoqua:
And now good-night, good-night. The squaw
Will pray that the great Manito
Will bless and guard you from the foe."

She softly, silently returns
To Early Dawn whose poor heart yearns

To hear one word from young Pierie,
As crouched behind a large pine tree
She starts with eagerness to hear
What he has said: "Now have no fear
For ere another sun has set
Your pale-face lover will have met
Kewaydin and will ask this hand,
My Dawn, tomorrow on the sand,
Pierie will meet your father, dear,
So smile tonight and have no fear."

Thus spoke her old and trusted friend—
But ah! the joy today we lend,
Too oft is borrowed from tomorrow,
And in return is paid in sorrow.

Young Pierie now can scarce await
The morrow morn to know his fate.
With the first light of day he wakes
And rising from his couch he takes
A suit of deer-skin for him wrought
By Early Dawn; for, as he thought,
His cause would meet with more success
If he appeared in savage dress.
And thus attired he waits to see
Kewaydin on the beach. Then he
Advances; takes his calumet
And hands it to Kewaydin. Yet,
The grave and searching glance
Kewaydin gives, checks his advance,
For just one moment. He returns
A look of honest fearlessness; thus learns
The chieftain, too, this is no foe
Unless his actions make him so,

He smiling, reaches forth his hand
To take the pipe, and with a bland
Wave, deftly hands him back his own,
And both their fears are overthrown.

"What seeks my son, the pale-face here?
Does he not know the Saukies fear
He leagues with the Menominee
Our enemy, or why did he,
One moon ago, go to their town?"
Kewaydin asks without a frown.

"The chief is brave, the chief is wise;
I see he listens not to lies,
Or, if he hears, he pays no heed
And follows thus the Blackgowns' creed.
One moon ago Pierie went north
But to the mission he went forth
Where e'en another Blackgown stays—
You fear him not, you know he plays
Not false with these his best of friends,
Nor to Menominee he lends
His aid, for then how could the dove
Be ever faithful to her love
The pale-face? If she knew that he
Could league with the Menominee?

And now, my father, I must tell
You that I love the Dawn so well
That I would wed her with your leave,
That you may know, I'll not deceive,
When one more moon has passed away
Blackgown returns again to pray
With Saukies; then the Early Dawn
Shall wed Pierie and both be one."

"My son, know thou that Windago
Has asked the same and comes he now
To get my answer; so I tell
You, both whom that I love so well,
That I an eagle yester-night
Saw soar so high and then alight
In that pine tree on yonder shore
On top of that high rock. Before
Pierie or Windago can wed
The Early Dawn, he must not dread
The task, which I shall now assign—
To prove your courage, my design.

The one who first can bring from high
Off that tall tree an eaglet, I,
To him shall give the gentle squaw
For wife Kesheahbinoqua."
Now need I tell that both agree
To try the task to reach the tree?
Which stood so high 'twould take one's breath
To think of—one false step meant death.

Pierie perceives upon the shore
The Dawn's light craft and soon is o'er
The water gliding—Windago
In his, and neither man is slow—
While Down is watching, all unseen,
Their efforts: knows not what it means,
Till now that they have reached the shore,
She sees them climb the cliff where soar
The eagles proudly o'er their young.
Pierie is gaining and has sprung
With one quick bound into the tree,
And grasped an eaglet. She can see

Him wave in triumph and descend.
But sees she too, Windago bend
And break the limb where on he stands
Which throws him on the rocky strand
Below a crushed and bleeding mass—
One shrieking cry—but one must pass
Her lips. Kesheahbinoqua
Can scarce believe what there she saw
And rushes wildly to his aid
Nor, of Windago is afraid,
Who thinking her Pierie was dead,
His vengeance sated, wildly fled.

Kesheahbinoqua calmly bathes
His wounds and notes that Pierie breathes.
Then joyously, in her canoe
She bore him o'er the lake, then through
The copse to her own wigwam door,
While from her lips endearments pour.

On bed of moss he lies so still
She fears despite all strength of will
The end has come, but Annung hears
His trembling heart, and lulls her fears.
Then quickly uses all her art
And medic means she can devise
To conquer death—till now his eyes
Their lids uplift—then close—he sighs;
But this the hope to them still gives
The joyful hope, he lives, he lives!

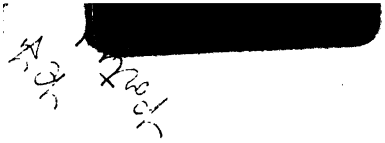
When all her efforts had been spent
For Oozhuskah, they quickly sent,
The great conjurer knew all things

He surely some relief must bring
To Pierie. Yet the days passed on,
He knew no one—not even Dawn,
Who helpless, weary, prayed and wept
And still her ceaseless vigil kept.

The choicest blossoms from the dell,
The ones she knew he loved so well,
Were brought and placed where he might see
And breath their incense, finally
One day—hope fled, she meekly bowed
In supplication—half aloud.
And while her supplications rise
Pierie has opened up his eyes
And all bewildered, looks around
And feasts his eyes, once more, when found
Upon his dark brown Indian love
While faintly cooing like the dove.

Each day increases Pierie's strength
And each his love, until at length
Ere days of Indian summer pass
Once more, with his true Indian lass
He roams the forest, strong and free
And tells of homes across the sea.

And then a ruby wedding ring
Was bought, and then did Black gown sing
The ceremony so long delayed
For Pierie and his Indian maid.
So there another feast was spread
And forth another bride was led
Like Annung, to another home,
But this Pale-face's bride become.

There you must leave them stranger rude
Nor on their happiness intrude,
Which lasted many, many years,
And still their love, from Heaven appears;
For natives said on each dark night
In their canoe all dressed in white,
Two spirits e'er glide o'er in space
Which Saukies saw and named the place
(E'er all its haunts they did forsake)
The Spirits—now called Devil's Lake.

Kewaydin and Annung for years
Lived there, through changing joy and tears.
Their sons in battle all were slain
By those they sought, but sought in vain,
To drive from out their forest home.
And seeing all would often moan
In accents wild: "Oh now we see
Old Wandewana's Prophecy."